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General Manager.

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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.

SCRANTON, JANUARY 13, 1894.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE.
GALUSHA A. GROW,
OF SUSQUEHANNA.

ELECTION FEBRUARY 20.

"A STUDY IN SCARLET."

Doesn't mean an analysis of any particular dye; nor a disquisition touching the properties of colors in general. But it does mean something that every reader of The Scranton Tribune will be unmistakably interested in; something extraordinarily fascinating; something worth waiting for.

EXPLANATION FROM EX Paramount Blount comes too late. The facts are all in, the evidence is complete and the verdict is "guilty as charged."

MR. CARNEGIE, it is believed, could stand free trade a good deal better than could his employes His resignation to the possibility of a hybrid Democratic tariff has something of the cynical in it.

IT IS an interesting evidence of Democracy's political poverty that it has to accompany the announcement of its latest state candidacy with a biographical diagram showing who the candidate is.

A FIRM application, to lazy mendicants who refuse to do proffered work, of the homely Saxon principle of "root, hog, or die," will, it is believed, redound to the benefit of honest and deserving unfortunates.

THE MAN who, having a chance to work, refuses, does not have any claim to public aid while more deserving ones remain unassisted. The lazy tramp is like the rich beggar, an anomaly repelling all sympathy.

MR. HINES of Luzerne has achieved the distinction of getting an appointment for the first Hungarian postmaster ever employed to handle the United States mails. Mr. Hines deserves to be known as the Kossuth of Democratic wire pulling.

POSSIBLY IF Representative Tracey of Albany were not so perennially anxious to re-echo his accustomed meed of praise and applause every time Mr. Cleveland utters a sound, he would not be called a "cuckoo." Anyhow, its reassuring to know that the appellation isn't relished. It shows that cuckoo sycophancy doesn't like to be told the truth.

AMONG THE signs of the times, none is more interesting than the frantic eagerness with which the same Democratic newspapers that four weeks ago were scuttling the dictionary for terms of invective suitable to their denunciation of Andrew Carnegie, are now seeking to welcome and to magnify his quasi-indorsement of the Wilson bill. The incident is a liberal education in the ethics of organic journalism.

A STATUE to Phil Sheridan—lashing, electric, invincible Phil—would hold before the eyes of the youth of our city one of the finest memories of the civil war. Supreme type of the impulsive military genius, signal embodiment of the blended fires of a strong and virile manhood, Sheridan stands out as conspicuously in American history as his counterfeit should, and it is hoped will, stand on a suitable pedestal in the court house square.

IT MIGHT possibly pain Mr. Lowell, were he alive, to know that Robert Buchanan, whom American newspapers have to diagram as a British writer who sometimes, but not often, contrives to put interest into his words, "declines to accept him as representing in any sense the country which produced Whitman, Thoreau, Herman Melville, Whittier and Mark Twain." Mr. Buchanan seems from this specimen of his acumen to have missed the opportunity of his life when he failed to apply for employment as a metropolitan dramatic critic, let us say on the New York Herald.

OUR ESTEEMED contemporary, the Wilkes-Barre News-Dealer, congratulates itself upon its fancied discovery of a discrepancy between two editorials in THE TRIBUNE, one of which recognized the fact that business depression just now is international in its extent, and the other wondered why the "general business depression" that Pennsylvania Democrats in their platform charge to the McKinley tariff didn't materialize until opponents of that tariff got into political control. The News-Dealer says of these two editorials that "the one tells the truth, the other lies." Inasmuch as "the other" merely asked a question, whatever lying there is in the premises must be credited to the Democratic state platform.

INSOLVENT RAILROADS.

The Railway Age has compiled a list of the insolvent railroads in the United States that have gone into the hands of receivers during the year 1893, and also a list of those that have been sold during the year under foreclosure. The list gives a correct idea of the disastrous effect of the business depression on the railroads of the country, though it cannot fairly be contended that in all these cases the acute business depression was the sole cause of the trouble.

The list given by the Railway Age shows 22,534 miles of railroad placed in the hands of receivers during the year, representing $4,237,952,000 of securities, of which $534,035,000 is capital stock, and $753,917,000 funded debt. No estimate is made of the floating debt of the companies involved, which must have swelled the total of liabilities considerably. Neither does the list include the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee, whose 9,344 miles increase the total mileage in the hands of receivers to 32,878, and the total liabilities to more than $1,500,000,000. To this must be added 1,410 miles of the road sold under foreclosure during the year, representing $47,264,000 of securities.

No more striking commentary on our methods of railroad management is possible. Hampered by the burdens of enormous debts, trying to earn dividends on watered stock, cutting rates desperately under sharp competition, or overloaded with unprofitable branches, their weakness is exposed by the first touch of business depression. During the past ten years receivers have taken charge of 67,496 miles of railroad in the United States with liabilities of over $3,700,000,000.

THE ROCKAFELLOW SENTENCE.

No crime is so difficult to estimate fairly as that which involves in fact, if not in deliberate design, a betrayal of public confidence, covering a period of years during which the criminal has been looked upon as a model of honesty and punctuality. The sense of shock which is experienced in the discovery of such a prolonged deception is even more terrible than is the actual money loss that grows out of it. It has a tendency to drive one into mental brutality, to make him a cynic in his estimates of men and morality, to weaken his faith in those very pillars of social stability and spiritual progress which, once gone, leave nothing but chaos and ruin.

Widespread as was the pecuniary embarassment which resulted from the suspension of F. V. Rockafellow's bank, general as was the sacrifice of hopes and plans and opportunities among the hundreds of small depositors in that institution, the savings of whose lifetime were thus suddenly swept away, these were less bitter than was the later revelation of the long stretch of time during which the "honest old banker on the square" did an immoral business by trading on a capital of reputed solvency that he did not in real fact possess. The average man recuperates quickly from a business reverse. The loss of a few dollars or a few hundred dollars meant to the majority of those depositors simply a little more energy, a little more economy, and a little harder and stronger and more determined struggle in life. But the loss of faith in human nature, the loss of those ideals which we take unto ourselves as parts of our innermost life and hops—this was no minor thing. All the genius and industry of the ages combined cannot replace a shattered ideal. All the money this side Eldorado cannot make happy the life of the man who finds the foundations of his faith in mankind torn or shaken.

It is this side of the Rockafellow crime which the courts cannot adjudicate; because it is above and beyond the most scrupulous of legal tribunals. Upon the other hand, what court of earthly justice can assume to weigh the mental torture and the self-reproach which must have been experienced by the silent banker as, day by day and year by year, he saw the fabric of his business life slowly but unerringly growing tangled and insecure? We are not given to know what expiation the criminal who yesterday was sentenced by a lenient judge has already made, all unknown to his fellow men. It seems to us that the lesson of this entire incident is irrestible in its insistence upon candor and genuine honesty as rules of business conduct. It seems to us that had Mr. Rockafellow been frank with himself, frank with his family, frank with his friends, the slow ebbing of his finances would not have reached the startling culmination of virtual theft, robbery, embezzlement. The facts that all his past standing cannot shield him from the legal penalty of his legal crime—which, after all, is but a trivial fraction of his whole trangression—and that, old man as he is, with much sympathy going out to him in spite of the enormity of his apparent wrong, he must don the garb of a common felon supply, as we view them, a vivid vendication of our institutions of justice.

ENIGMATICAL CONTRASTS.

A few days ago people read the painful news that a very distinguished gentleman of national fame, a former governor of Massaschusetts, and speaker of the national house of representatives at a most critical juncture immediately preceding the civil war, had been found wandering about the streets of a city near his home in a mentally dazed condition. Every reader was moved to tender sympathy at the thought of that noble intellect thus eclipsed by the infirmity of advancing years. The Boston Advertiser speaking of this incident asks why it is that some powerful minds become enfeebled by age, though physical health remains comparatively vigorous, while in other instances the lamp of intelligence burns with undimmed brightness far beyond the psalmist's allotted period of life?

Many cases illustrative of both classes of facts occur to any well informed and reflective mind. Less than a decade ago there died near Boston an aged statesman belonging to a family two members of which had been presidents of the United States. He himself was during a long and eventful career one of the most prominent citizens of the republic. He had been our country's envoy at the English court while the conflict with armed treason was raging at home, and his diplomatic skill and unswerving loyalty were chiefly efficacious in preventing the recognition by Great Britain of the Southern confederacy. For a considerable period before his death this eminent man had required the watchful care of friends by reason of gradually decaying mental faculties. The story of the declining years of that extraordinary preacher and theologian, Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., is very similar in the respect now under consideration. To some, though a less, extent the same things can be said of New England's greatest philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

On the other hand, the great Josiah Quincy, mayor of Boston and president of Harvard college, was strong in mind as well as body when he had become a nonogenarian, and Galusha A. Grow, who succeeded N. P. Banks as speaker of the house of representatives, is in the full vigor of all his physical and mental powers. Looking across the Atlantic we see at this time two notable contrasts. Mr. Gladstone, long past eighty, is, as Mr. Depew has just remarked after returning from a flying trip to Europe, and as we all know from many sources of information, as keen, adroit, indefatigable, eloquent and every way masterful as in any previous period in his wonderful life. But John Ruskin, far younger, though an old man as age is usually reckoned, is only the shadow of his incomparable self as regards that once magnificent intellect, whose creations have given the world new beauty.

Thus far all attempts to solve the enigma presented by facts like these, of which a vast number could be cited easily, have failed. The more the subject is studied the more mysterious it becomes. Neither heredity nor apparent natural strength, nor methods of life and work, nor external surroundings, nor vital temperament, nor spheres of activity, no degrees of success nor failure, no one of these, nor all of them taken together, can seem to throw any light at all upon the question.

COMMISSIONER SEYMOUR'S IDEA.

It is to be hoped that the proposition of Patent Commissioner Seymour to print from time to time a list of expired patents, for general circulation, will be favorably acted upon by congress. One of the most serious abuses of the patent system is the purchase and suppression of patented devices and processes by corporations having money tied up in plants constructed on old plans. Ideas which might be of practical value to the industrial world if they became general property are in this way sometimes buried out of sight and forgotten.

It often happens that an inventor has an inspiration which might be elaborated into a mechanical improvement, but he lacks the time or the knowledge to perfect it, or imagines that the carrying out of the idea in a completed machine would infringe upon patented rights. The publication of a list of expired patents would be of inestimable benefit to such men, and also to the general public, which would eventually profit by the practical application of their ideas.

At present the only way of keeping track of expired patents is by referring to the indexes of the patents granted seventeen years ago and earlier. As the term of patent is seventeen years, the assumption is that those granted seventeen years ago have expired. But only a limited number of people have access to these old indexes. The weight of what is sometimes called "the patent monopoly" would be greatly lessened by the adoption of the patent commissioner's plan.

THE SPIRIT of co-operation in its best and clearest sense is well evidenced in the feelings, the needs and the aims which have prompted the organization of the Scranton Engineering club. As in the case of the individual coal operators and of the members of our various professional and industrial societies, it is perceived that better results follow along the line of concentration and harmony than accrue, in the long run, under the primitive idea of every fellow for himself. The risks are also larger; especially the risk lest this desirable spirit of union should be abused or twisted to the profit of merely a fraction of its sharers. But civilization very clearly expects its beneficiaries to guard against such perils. Unless we are ready to relapse at once into savagery, the idea that in legitimate union there is strength will need to be accepted as a postulate of human progress.

MINOR FACTS AND FANCIES.

A collection of the cartoons which have been elicited by the president's Hawaiian policy would prove a valuable literary and political heirloom for the coming American. The unanimity with which our fertile and ready caricaturists have jumped on the plot to restore Queen Lil is an encouraging evidence that patriotism among us has not become a lost art.

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One cartoon in the Philadelphia Inquirer the other day wasn't bad. It represented Grover astride a bicycle, going full tilt down hill and toward a big stone, while encircling his neck in a frantic effort to save her dusky self were the ebony arms of the deposed Hawaiian queen. The president, as he neared the inevitable "header," whistled the air of the catchy dance-hall song that describes the charm of a "Bicycle Built for Two."

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The cartoonists, by the way, appear to have a penchant for building up their pictorial comicalities upon the foundation of some current topical song. The Irish World this week contains a good example. Grover and Gresham, in a state of grief and deshabille, are sobbing in a room together, while, through the open door, Uncle Sam strides majestically out, clutching the switch of public criticism. This scene is supposed to be another version of the song: "Two Little Boys That Are Blue"—in fact, black and blue.

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Considering the immense number of pickerel that are being caught these days, and the small amount of effort made by the fish commissioners to propogate this gamey food fish, the thought occurs that something of the expenditure made in "planting" trout fry in streams where one never afterward catches any trout could be wisely diverted to stocking our lakes with pickerel. Give this fish one-half the attention bestowed on the elusive and mysterious trout, and see what he'll do for you.

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A contemporary in Nicholson suggests that that thriving village is just the place for Scranton people to build homes in. This may be true, but it occurs to me that the best place for Scrantonians to reside in is in Scranton itself. The taste which cannot be suited without going beyond the limits of this city will, it is feared, find difficulty in getting satisfied anywhere.

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County Chairman W. W. Wood of Wayne county—who by the way is as hustling a young executive as one would wish to know—is mentioned by friends in connection with the congressional nomination in the Fifteenth next fall. Another gentleman who has received favorable mention is A. T. Searle. The difficulty in competing against Representative Wright naturally lies in the fact that Wayne is only one of four counties comprising the district. Republicans in Wayne, however, begin to think it is really their turn.

In Plain Words, It Is False.

Scranton Truth.

The statement that "three years' experience of the McKinley tariff bill has resulted in general business depression and in wreck and ruin to manufacturing interests" is as complete a specimen of falsehood "perfect in all its parts" as the human imagination could embody. It reaches the very perfection of a work of fine art moulded out of material that cannot last—like a statue of snow mistaken for marble, laboriously shaped in some late March night.